never felt greater satisfaction in his life. He stroked the damp bangs smooth, laid his hand against Spock's side to verify the slow, regular beat of the alien heart. Lower, nestling in dense pubic hair, Spock's cock lay eased, soft in sleep. Ghosts of pleasure fled through Kirk's body, reminding him. Who would have guessed it would be like that?

The Vulcan stirred, opened his eyes and reached up to pull him close. Don't leave me. The words echoed in Kirk's mind without the need for speech. All the possible futures took their different tracks before him--vastness of space, treason of time, his own imperfect humanity.

Never, he defied them, and sealed it with a kiss.

Spock winced at the pain of his swollen lip. The grip of his hands on Kirk's shoulders eased as the focused on the blood, the bruises.

"You need healing," he said, "and I hardly trust myself to touch you."

"I trust you." Kirk held up his own stained hand, matching his square fingers to Spock's slender ones, intertwining them, strengthening his bond to that dark Vulcan heat. "Perfect match." And there was no fear in him.

"No wonder I love you."

Eventually, Kirk woke again, lazily floating to the surface of sleep and drifting there, mind and body bathed in langorous warmth. He didn't have to try his body to know it was well again, and the transience of the night's pain made it seem almost unreal. Some of the warmth shifted. That's Spock, he thought, and a pulse of pleasure throbbed deep inside him like an intimate touch, surprising him again with his own response. Something new to explore. Spock moved away but did not get up. Looking at me, Kirk thought.

He rubbed his head carelessly on a pillow which had not been there when he went to sleep, feeling the sheet spread over him. Restlessly he flipped over on his back, flinging his right arm wide, raising his right knee. He kept his breathing deep and slow, his face blank. Classic pose, Mr. Spock. Aren't you going to peek? It amused him that Spock could still be shy of him. Surely after last night's passion, even a Vulcan wouldn't hesitate to slide the sheet down from where it rested slantwise across his waist--no, not too shy after all. Cool air followed warm as the sheet was eased away. As if Spock's gaze brought its own sensation, he felt the soft elastic arch his cock made against his raised leg.

Deep and even, concentrate on breathing, he warned himself. But something must have shown on his face.

"Jim," Spock's voice sounded very serious, "I know you are not sleeping."

"Yes I am. Sleeping beauty."

There was a moment of ambivalence, while he pictured Spock's expression of puzzlement or exasperation, then a tentative kiss was pressed against his lips, growing less tentative as he responded. But he kept his eyes shut.

"Well?" Spock's tone was drier now.

"Nice. Right method, wrong location. I'm still asleep." Play the game, Spock. You're going to love the prize.

"Indeed?" Spock's breath was warm on his cheek, his ear, his neck. A second kiss lightly touched his shoulder, sending an electric thrill down his arm to his fingertips. "I wonder--" the lips slid along Kirk's collarbone "--where the--appropriate place--can be?"

It was all Kirk could do not to gather the Vulcan into a hug for humoring this foolishness, and he could not control the breath coming quicker between his lips, the accelerating beat of his heart, or stirrings farther down.

"Vulcans," said Spock, pausing to circle one nipple with his pointed tongue, "are very thorough people," he moved to the other and sucked the nub, nipping it with his teeth, "known for their persistence," shocks of delight tingled in the wake of his lips. "If such a place exists," his breath was zigzagging a warm path across Kirk's belly, each change in direction punctuated with moist lips, sharp nips of the teeth or calligraphy of that exquisite tongue, "eventually I will find it."

The tongue hesitated at the hip bone, then slid down Kirk's thigh. The whispering warmth addressed the inside of his raised knee.

"Eventually!"

"The true researcher," said Spock against his thigh, "is never in a hurry."

"The true researcher might get a surprise if he keeps that up." Tremors were running up Kirk's thighs, and he felt the first scalding seminal bubble rising in him.

"This?" Spock's innocent tone would go with the lifted eyebrow, but his tongue left Kirk. Only his breath was warm, so warm, his mouth must be close.

I can't stand it if he moves off. Spock, please....

And the kiss, at last, firm on the glans of his penis, Spock's strong hand on the root, and his lips opening, tongue welcoming....

"Oh, God, Spock--" He had to look then. Had to see the incredible sight of Spock sucking him, eyes dark slits, cheeks hollowing, one hand on Kirk's cock, one kneading his stomach. Their eyes met, and Kirk shuddered, helpless to hold back, helpless to look away as the surge of pleasure crested and he came in Spock's eagerly drinking mouth.

Panting, shaking, eyes wet with tears, he watched Spock reluctantly release him, waking kiss, parting kiss, so damn beautiful. He eased up and offered another kiss, almost shyly, that Kirk claimed with rough pleasure. He pulled the Vulcan down against his chest, running strong hands down his back, urging his hips closer, twining legs, not content until the whole hot length of the Vulcan was pressed against him.

Spock surrendered to the hug and kissed his ear.

"Good morning, Captain."

"Good morning, Mr. Spock. And a very good morning it is, too. Is there anything--and I do mean anything--I can do for you?" He pressed Spock's thigh tight between his own, canted his hips up,